
Title: The Horsemen of Oblivion

Author: *chared crumbling parchments*

The Horsemen are pure manifestations of Oblivion. They represent the four age-old scourges of mankind: Death, Famine, Pestilence and War. They are niether mortal nor Undead, for the alive and have never experienced death. They are made of the raw stuff of Oblivion, negative energy made in the image of their prey.

Horsemen were forged of Enthropy in an aeon lost to mankind, and will retain their exalted status for time immemorial. The balance of power is continually shifting among these evil entities, according to the task at are never seen to disagree with one another or squabble over authority; each understands that, within his domain, his rule is absolute. Each wreaks terror according to his means, and the end result is invariably one of the utmost misery for all man kind.

Every one of the four Horsemen is unique in appearance, mannerisms, and fighting styles. Here follows a brief explanation of each. Much of what is known of the Horsemen of Oblivion is sepculation, though it is known for certain that all are masters in the arts of

destruction. As a side
note, it is also known
that all can converse
with the dead.



PESTILENCE

"I looked, and there
before me was a white
horse. It's rider was
given a bow, and he
rode out as Pestilence,
bent on conquest."

Disease and plague have
stricken the wourld
countless times and will
continue to do so as long
as there is life to
infect. Plants, animals,
humans and monsters alike
fall victim to Pestilence.
None save the dead and
Undead are immune to
it's vile workings. Riding
upon a white horse of
conquest, the Horseman
of Pestilence wears
bronze platemail and green
clothing. He strikes down
his victims using his vile
blow, concentrated poisons,
and life draining spells.



WAR

"Then another horse came
out, a firy red one. It's
rider was given power to
take peace from the
earth and to make men
slay each other. To him
was gien a large sword."
There will always be war
in the lands of Sosaria.
Throughout it's history
the land has been
consumed in strife, and
this turmoil shall continue
until Oblivion claims all. It
is mankind's very nature
to war with his neighbor.
The houreman of War

personifies this, and as such is always quick to temper and ever ready to slay his victims. War appears riding a red horse and wearing red clothing and platemail, his weapon of choice being the viking sword. He is occasionally seen wielding a great shield in addition to the sword, though this is seldom. War is highly proficient in the use and lore of all weapons, and casts spells which cause direct harm to his enemies or protect him from harm. He is known to be at least partially invulnerable to the magic of mortals, and has the ability to incite men to arms.

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#### FAMINE

"I looked, and there before me was a dark horse. Its rider was Famine, and he was holding a pair of scales in his hand."

Hunger, loss and despair--all things associated with Famine. Crops wither, food becomes sparse, and morale diminishes to hopelessness. No civilization can hold Famine at bay for reserves, no matter how vast, can hope to stand against it. Entire cities, countries, and worlds have succumbed to Famine's unrelenting stranglehold. The Horseman of Famine's withered form is seen covered in clothing and leather armor, sometimes adorned with metal studs, below his skeletal visage.

Famine may be seen using  
any weapon. His horse is  
the wasted brown color  
of the land he corrupts,  
and his skills reflect the  
nature of loss and  
hunger. He is a thief of  
skill unimaginable to  
mankind, and his ability to  
curse and provoke emotion  
from men is the stuff  
of nightmares.

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*you see a picture
depicting the four
standing silhouetted against
a dark turmoil filled sky*

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### DEATH

"I looked and there before  
me was a pale horse. It's  
rider named Death, and  
Hell followed close behind  
him."

Perhaps the most feared  
of all the Horsemen is  
Death. Riding a pale horse  
in his skeletal glory he  
comes for the living,  
claims their souls with  
his acythe and consigns  
them to Oblivion. Some  
say this Horseman is the  
offspring of Old Grim  
himself. Death is always  
seen adorned in black  
robes and bone armor,  
and he wields baneful  
scythe.

His horse is of the pale  
gray variant, never any  
other color. His knowledge  
of human anatomy is  
unparalleled, and he is  
said to foresee the future  
through the study of  
corpses. He is a master  
of both his of  
Necromancy.

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